The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXIV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1920 NUMBER 302

Contents

The Week 53

Editorials

- The Re-Settlement of Eastern Europe 55
- Substitutes for the League 58
- Campaign Funds 60
- Filtering the News 61
- The Shipping Board Welches 62

General Articles

- California and the Japanese Problem ..... Chester H. Rowell 64
- From Governor Cox's Secretary ..... Charles E. Morris 66
- Bolshevik Theory I ..... Bertrand Russell 67
- Et Dona Ferentes ..... Stark Young 69
- News From the Near East ..... Paxton Hibben 71
- The Place of Art in Art Criticism ..... Clive Bell 73

Reviews of Books

- Andrew Kalpaschnikoff ..... William Hard 75
- Georgians and Post-Georgians ..... M. C. 77

The Week

EUROPEAN affairs enter a new phase which may be the beginning of a general reshuffling of the diplomatic cards. The new phase is marked by the action of France in breaking away from the entente with Britain. The incidents which signalize France's determination to go in alone were the recognition of Wrangel as Russia, her withdrawal from the peace negotiations at London, her advice to the Poles that they disregard Lloyd George, Giotitti and Wilson and advance beyond the frontier assigned by the Peace Conference. Between Britain and Italy on the one hand and France on the other, it is no longer a question of "divergence"; there is a direct and absolute contradiction of policy. They sit on opposite sides of the table in the councils of Europe. The decision of France was taken by M. Millerand and his cabinet without warning to Mr. Lloyd George. So surprised was he at the news that he at first refused to credit it, and stated in the House of Commons that there must have been some mistake. France had deliberately gambled on the attempt to impose her own will upon Europe, and to break away from Britain and Italy. Apparently the French government has the support of its own public, the socialists alone excepted. The opposition of British opinion to France is almost as unanimous. "It was evident to everybody," says the New Europe of August 19th, "that the Wrangel recognition was a calculated stroke delivered in reply to Mr. Lloyd George's Russo-Polish policy. It was an act of flagrant disloyalty and the moment of its committal gives it an unenviable eminence among all the crooked things that have been done by both governments in their Russian policy."

FOR all sorts of reasons the prospects of Europe turn upon the French program. It is in many ways the most daring scheme that has been set in motion since Pan-Germanism was at its zenith. Consider the scope and risks of the French ambition. There are on the continent, besides herself, four great Powers—Britain, Italy, Germany and Russia. France chooses a rupture of the Entente with Britain and Italy, and the active and permanent enmity of the Teutons and the Slavs. She risks the non-support of the maritime Powers and the hatred of the two chief land Powers. Towards Germany she remains irreconcilably vindictive, coupling an insistence upon the whole Treaty of Versailles with a threat to occupy at any moment the Ruhr coal fields on which German economic life so largely depends. Towards the Russian people France remains the cruelest of enemies, prepared to subsidize civil war, instigate mercenary armies, and maintain the blockade. What forces does France draw upon? Primarily on her own army and her own military genius, operating however upon the shakiest kind of swollen debt and wild cat finance; and secondarily, upon a complicated network of petty alliances extending to Warsaw, Budapest and Bucharest. These alliances in eastern Europe are in every case alliances with the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

governments wholly landlord, profiteer and bureaucrat in texture. No one of the governments, whether in Poland, Hungary or Rumania, rests on the kind of consent which offers any assurance to a political strategist who looks ahead a few years.

FRANCE certainly carries a big stick, but she does not speak softly; she takes her own part, but she seems to fear neither God nor the revulsion of men. Yet she has reason to fear. Suppose she succeeds for a while in reducing Germany to servitude and Russia to a dictatorship of the Right, in securing her own dominion on the continent as overlord by the petty states of Europe. What then? What can be the consequence of a common hostility of the Teutonic and Slavonic peoples, except in the end common action on their part to throw off an intolerable yoke? The nightmare of a militant Russo-German alliance becomes daily a more sinister prophecy, as France teaches the people of Europe that force alone is the solvent. France has only to convince all of Germany that the Treaty of Versailles will be enforced in all its rigor, which means occupation of the Ruhr and the loss of Silesia, to destroy the final resistance of those Germans who look to the West rather than to the East for salvation. Let it be known that the barrier of the Rhine is all bayonet and threat, and western-minded Germany must go down before the easterners, communist or junker. It will not matter greatly which.

IN an admirable discussion of German conditions, Mr. Paul Cravath says: "If the impressions I have formed are correct, the fate of Germany is in large measure in the hands of the Allied nations and the United States. In the camp of her enemies there is now a struggle between two conflicting policies—one a policy of destruction, the other a policy of cooperation." He goes on to say that the latter policy is today accepted by public opinion in Great Britain and Italy. He hopes that it will be by France and the United States. Now the difference of policy towards Germany is paralleled by a difference of policy towards Russia. The constructive forces of the world favor peace with Russia and Germany; the destructive ones favor continued hostility. The United States, without perhaps quite knowing what it is doing, is aligned with the forces of disorder.

IT is perhaps a bit too flattering to say that the President is aligned with anybody on anything. His latest utterance ex cathedra on the subject of Russia has now had a chance to echo around the world. In England apparently nobody paid much attention to it, knowing that the President could not and would not act on the implications it contained. Italy sent her compliments and continued to do just what the President said should not be done. France sent a bouquet of flowers, and then showed her opinion of the views presented by recognizing Wrangel and advising the Poles to ignore Mr. Wilson. And finally, the Poles told the President how deeply they admired him, but that so far as his advice went, they weren't taking it for the present, thank you. All this we are informed by the State Department is to be viewed in the large. Well, viewed in the large, it simply means that the diplomatic career of this administration is finished. Its threats and its promises are meaningless, and its opinions, spun in solitude out of the inner recesses of pure ego, no longer count in the calculations of European politics.

MR. HARDING told his troubles to the Marines from the porch at Marion. He said quite justly that sensational charges were no substitute for the discussion of issues. The country was in a mood to think about real things, and here was Governor Cox raising the roof about Mr. Hays and Mr. Upham. Mr. Harding's complaint is sound—the country would like to hear about real things and Mr. Harding has a free field. But Mr. Harding is an angel, and fears to tread where fools rush in. So Governor Cox talks slush fund, and Mr. Harding pitches a ball and is reminiscent about his cornet.

THERE are, roughly speaking, three ways of meeting a problem like Garyism in the steel industry. You can deny the existence of the problem, call all who discuss it bad names, fight to the bitter end against reform, and cap the climax by describing yourself as "constructive" or "American." This is just what Iron Age, organ of the steel industry, does in response to the report of the Interchurch World Movement. Or if you are a wage earner you can conclude that Judge Gary like the Kaiser will listen to no argument but force, and you prepare for another, a larger, a more terrible strike. Or you can do what the chairman and vice-chairman of the Interchurch Commission—Bishop McConnell and Dr. Poling are doing. You can appeal to public opinion, and ask for proof that will forever confound the Bolsheviks—proof that democracy has a conscience and a will, and can act.

SUCH an appeal would, however, be of little value if it asked every man to form a definite judgment about the way steel ought to be made. Bishop McConnell and Dr. Poling are too experienced in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

racy to make that mistake. They stand on unimpeachable ground, for their whole argument is this: Sooner or later there will be another strike in the steel industry. The A. F. of L. started to organize on August 3rd. Two weeks later a new association of steel manufacturers was organized to counter. The mobilization has begun. Shall there be a strike, or shall there be an open conference to avoid it? It is proved, and nowhere denied, that the United States Steel Corporation is a no-conference industry. The first step to peace is to make it a conference industry. When it is a conference industry Judge Gary can discuss with his employees how extensive is the twelve hour day and the seven day week, and whether they are necessary, what wages are and whether they are just, whether there is a spy system and whether it is American. Those are questions for the steel industry as a whole to discuss in open conference at the bar of public opinion.

BUT public opinion is itself at the bar of civilized man. For Bishop McConnell and Dr. Poling have raised a question more searching even than those issues which confront Judge Gary and Mr. Foster. The question is, as they put it:

> Can our democratic society be moved to do industrial justice without the pressure of crisis itself?

Can we insist on conference now while there is a truce, or are we too timid, too lazy, too haphazard to care about the steel industry until there are headlines announcing a new strike? That is a question which tests to its very foundations the sincerity and the purpose of all of us who talk at large about industrial peace, harmony, and the superiority of democratic over all other forms of government. If we mean what those words say, we shall listen to this eloquent appeal, and press the federal government to inaugurate a conference in the steel industry.

TO comment about the labor troubles in Italy on the information available would be to guess without evidence. The reports seem to show that for various reasons, among them a shortage of coal, the employers in the metal trades tried to close down factories last week. This constituted a "lockout" of the men. They replied by locking themselves in the factories, and they are attempting to operate them. The General Federation of Labor supports the men, apparently not in a revolutionary sense, but to assist them in reaching an adjustment. The government seems thus far to have kept its head by holding its hand. This is a courageous, though no doubt a somewhat risky policy, but if it succeeds the chances of a constructive settlement will be the better for it. Whether the disturbance has a larger significance is pure surmise until we know what we do not know now, namely whether in the key industries the class division is as unbridgeable as it always is before revolution makes its appearance. Are the Italian employers Garyized? Are the Italian authorities Palmerized? Or is the moderate spirit and constructive decency exhibited by Nitti and Giolitti in foreign affairs dominant in the governing classes of Italy?

The Re-Settlement of Eastern Europe

THE American newspapers have throughout the summer given a great deal of space to the vicissitudes of the Polish war. They have awakened more interest in it than in any other one political and military issue they have dealt with since the armistice. Yet in spite of the volume of Polish news, few American readers understand or have had the opportunity of understanding how serious the Polish crisis, particularly in its last phase, looks to a well-informed Frenchman or Englishman. For as the European sees it, the question of war or peace between Russia and Poland has come to involve, not merely the drawing of a boundary between two neighboring countries or even the cessation of a conflict which was ruining and mutilating many millions of people, but the authority of the Peace of Versailles, the future political understanding between France and Great Britain and the economic and social welfare of the whole of Europe.

The Peace of Versailles contains, of course, an extraordinarily complicated compromise among a great variety of political, economic and social forces, but the Central European settlement which it proposes rests upon a comparatively simple political idea and upon the triumph of an obvious, but unprecedented combination of military and naval force. Since the victory of Germany in 1871 the effective control of continental European politics had resided in the three military empires of Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary, each of which included within its borders a larger or smaller number of insubordinate subject peoples and depended for its security upon more or less flagrant violation of the principle of nationality. If they could have worked together their joint decisions would have ruled Europe, no matter how much the western Powers may have disliked their empire. But fortunately for Europe they could not agree. The Russian Empire joined with France and later

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Great Britain in order to keep alive the precarious balance of power upon whose preservation European peace was supposed to rest. If the Triple Entente had won the war before the Russian Revolution, Russia would have dictated the settlement of eastern Europe and would have framed it on the basis of a dominant Russian Empire, re-enforced by a number of satellite Slavic states. But she would have permitted no independence for Poland, no recognition of nationality as a principle and no sanction for the settlement except an irresistible Russian Imperial army. As it happened, however, the Russian revolution intruded and finally separated Russia from the war. The western Powers won the victory with the assistance of the United States. The victors did not, however, include any first-class eastern Power, and for this reason, they were confronted in fabricating a settlement of eastern Europe out of the material of power politics with an extremely puzzling job. Of the three empires which had dominated that part of the world, two were defeated and were about to be deprived of their subject populations. The third was controlled by a government which was considered beyond the pale and which the western Powers were intriguing and fighting to destroy. On what political principle, on what organization of local military force, or on what combination between the two could they depend as the foundation for an enduring political structure in eastern Europe?

One principle they were obliged in some measure to apply,—the principle of nationality. They had recognized the independence of some of the Slavic peoples which were subject to the old empires and they were bound by the strongest informal and formal promises to erect Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia into independent nations whose boundaries included the great majority of the existing Poles, Czechs, Rumanians and South Slavs. This, of course, they were ready and willing to do, but the doing of it with any assurance of permanence involved grave practical difficulties. These smaller peoples had lacked national self-possession precisely because they were less numerous than their neighbors and they necessarily remained less numerous even after they had attained independence. For the present their former masters were incapable of self-assertion, but these peoples remained none the less a row of islands in an ocean of Germans and Russians. The Peace Conference could assure their continued independence by one of two courses. It could at least have tried to re-enforce a settlement according to the principles of nationality with the willing consent of Russia and Germany. Or it could contrive some military tour de force which might possibly safeguard the new nations in spite of the enmity of the Germans and the Russians. The first method would have meant the delay of the final political settlement until some measure of pacification and economic recovery had occurred. It would have aimed at what we called during the war a peace of reconciliation. The second was selected because it was easier, quicker and more congenial. The victors could compel the beaten Germans to accept it without negotiation while Russia, being unrecognized, they could ignore at least for a while. It carried with it, however, one clear consequence. The enmity of both the Russians and the Germans left the new nations in a precarious condition. Whenever the ocean of Russians and Germans became agitated and threatened to beat too hard upon their frail defenses, the British and French armies must be ready to march and build dikes for their defense.

In liberating the minor Slavic peoples of eastern Europe, the Peace Conference accomplished one of the great revolutions of history,—a revolution whose effects may be as permanent and as beneficent as the emancipation of France and of Russia from autocratic rule. By recognizing so explicitly the principle of nationality as applied to these peoples, the Treaty at Versailles has conferred a permanent prestige upon that principle. States and governments can ignore it only at the expense of grave and persistent weakness and convulsions. But unfortunately the application of the principle of nationality in the Treaty was very far from thorough-going. In fact it encouraged the new nations which derived their very existence from the authority of the national principle to repudiate in their dealings with other peoples their own constituent national ideal. They, too, were presented with subject populations, whose presence within their borders were sources of unrest and weakness and whose subjugation could not be permanently maintained except by force. In this way small and inexperienced nations were placed in the impossible position of depending for their security upon a military power which they did not possess rather than upon the consent of their larger neighbors; and so far from being impelled to seek this consent, they owed their life to a political document which prevented them from obtaining it. Naturally they became uneasy and sought to strengthen their dangerously weak defenses by further aggression and by diplomatic intrigue.

It is this sense of insecurity which explains the mad behavior of Poland. The Poles are the most numerous, but at the same time the most exposed of these former subject peoples. There are per-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haps twenty million Poles surrounded by nearly seventy million Germans and twice that number of Russians. They live in the midst of a level plain which offers no strong defensible lines. During their centuries of military greatness they themselves were more frequently invaders than invaded; and their upper class has cherished a tradition of martial glory and political intransigeance. Since the restoration of their independence they have felt more keenly and more oppressively than have the other new nations the uncertainty, the burdens and the privations of their ambiguous situation. They have tried to cure this uncertainty by the only kind of politics which, considering their status under the Treaty, seemed to offer a chance of real results. They have sought to annex many millions of Russians whom they proposed to conscript for the defense of Poland. They have sought to build up buffer states on their eastern border which would push further back the threatening mass of Russia. It is the overwhelming power of a re-united and restored Russia, whether Red or White, which most terrifies them. A year ago they were more afraid of a revival of an aggressive Holy Russia than they were of the Soviet Republic. If France had permitted, they would have sacrificed Denikin for the sake of a territorially advantageous peace with the Bolshevists. But when Denikin was crushed they allied themselves with the weaker Wrangel in the hope of profiting by the revolutionary disorganization of Russia and reconstructing the former Polish empire of the Ukraine. This kind of politics was born of the real difficulties of their situation. A settlement such as that of the Treaty of Versailles had its ultimate sanction in force, yet it did not assure to the Poles the immediately available military power necessary to their security. They were driven or tempted to adopt one dangerous adventure or cheap expedient after another in the vain hope of safeguarding the independence of twenty million people against the deliberately created enmity of two hundred million neighbors.

The Polish attack on Russia, abominable as it was, has had the great advantage of revealing promptly the fundamental vice of the proposed settlement of eastern Europe. Sooner or later something of this kind was the inevitable result of recognizing the principle of nationality in the case of the smaller nations and of violating it in the case of the larger nations, and it is fortunate that the revelation has come sooner rather than later. For the the victors can still re-write the settlement on a more permanent and equitable basis and so possibly avoid the renewal of the world war which the Treaty of Versailles clearly foreshadows. The existing deadlock in the negotiations for peace is the result of an unfinished conflict between the Powers which are considering revision and those which are opposed to it. France, which is chiefly responsible for the Central European provisions of the Treaty, will contend against revision as long as she is able or dares to do so. Great Britain and Italy are considering the advisability of revision, but are still two-minded about it and are not ready to push too hard. The recognition by France of Wrangel and her opposition to a peace conference in which Russia and Germany would be necessarily represented is born of a sound anticipation that such a conference would certainly raise questions which are supposed to have been settled at Versailles. "France is fighting for the defense of the Peace Treaty," says Mr. Groselande, editor of Le Journal, in explaining the French recognition of Wrangel and the incitement of the Poles. She is still the dominant power, because she is more single-minded and more explicit about her policy than is Great Britain or Italy, and because the French army is by far the most effective military force in the world. But she is nevertheless losing ground steadily. For she is attempting to carry out a policy which will keep Europe permanently feverish, embroiled and militarized and for the success of which her own military and economic resources are wholly insufficient.

When France recognized General Wrangel for the purpose of preventing a general peace conference her action was dictated by the hope of preserving intact the Treaty of Versailles. Yet the deliberate slap in the face which the French government by its behavior in this matter dealt to Lloyd George and Great Britain did more to impair the authority of the Treaty than any political event since its rejection by the American Senate. American public opinion underestimates the significance of this quarrel between the two Western Powers. The conflict has gathered slowly and it may not for a long time culminate in an open break, but it arises from a radical incompatibility of interest and outlook, and we doubt whether mutual concessions will suffice to remove it. Either France or Great Britain must yield. Great Britain is tentatively but unmistakably moving in the direction of a re-organization of Europe which will apply the national principle to Russia and Germany and which will find its sanction in a much larger measure of general popular consent. France is indifferent to the political unrest and the economic paralysis which has followed from the attempt to execute the Treaty of Versailles, and she is determined to resist to the bitter end any and all movements in the direction of revision and reconstruction. Her resistance cannot avail to save the Treaty.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She is not powerful enough to execute it without Italian and British assistance. But she can delay the process of revision until it may come too late and she can postpone for many years the economic and moral recuperation of Europe. She is now trying to build up a series of agreements with some of the smaller nations in the region of the Danube which will secure for her their cooperation in case of trouble and she is preparing morally and physically to try at all events to go it alone. If so, one of her first acts will undoubtedly be to find a sufficient pretext for the occupation of the Ruhr coal district. It is a fatal course which will bring about in the end a totally new alignment of the European Powers and which will be disastrous for her own political prestige. We sincerely hope both for the good of France and for that of the world that the French will not carry their aggressive defense of the Treaty to this extreme. Yet they are right in believing that unless they risk an impressive demonstration of force, all vitality will gradually ebb away from their proposed settlement of eastern Europe. That settlement cannot survive if it permits Russian and German recuperation. The policy created by the Treaty of Versailles, like the former German Empire, is so unstable and unprincipled a creation that it requires for its perpetuation the kind of political madness which Poland has already exhibited and which France seems likely to repeat. The absurdity and the pity of it is that this madness in every case calls itself real politik—the determination, that is, of political policy by the realities of political experience.

Substitutes for the League

NATIONALISM, pure and simple, is no doubt the creed of much of the rank and file in the opposition to President Wilson and his work, the Covenant. America has attained to greatness, and the safety that goes with greatness, through her luck and her own energies. She can hold her position against any attack that might be launched from overseas, east or west. The old order has not been unfavorable to America. She can live under it still. Why then seek a new order? America for America, and let the rest of the world seek its safety and happiness by the methods its reason may dictate. If it fails, nations will rise and fall, conquer and be conquered; but what is new in that? History is replete with national tragedies, but history moves on.

So simple a creed, we may be sure, does not satisfy the leaders of the opposition to Wilson. Statesmanship is not a monopoly of any one party or group. And no statesman, however permanently dyed in the old nationalistic tradition, could view with complacency the reassumption of the same kind of war risks as rested upon an unconscious world before 1914. It is known now, as it was not known then, that a war between first-class Powers can not be localized, nor its effects limited to mere territorial changes. Revolutionary as were the territorial changes effected by the late war, their interest is secondary to the economic and social changes. Capitalism received from the war a wound that was all but mortal, a wound that will not soon heal, if ever. What another world war would do to the shattered economic system of western civilization is a question no one can answer with assurance. Certainly no statesman who cherishes the institutions of private property and private control of industry is desirous of experimenting for the answer. And the statesmen who lead the opposition to the League, men like Knox and Lodge, are precisely those who would be most appalled by the economic disintegration that would follow upon another war. Root, though not officially numbered among the irreconcilable opponents of the League as conceived by Wilson, may safely be assumed to be in sympathy with the opposition, so long as it accepts the necessity of working out one project or another for abating the risk of war. If the League is to be abandoned, these statesmen are driven by the logic of their conservatism to find a workable substitute for it.

What must be the nature of that substitute? We may profitably recall the tendencies of the movement for international peace in the period beginning with the first Hague Conference and ending with the outbreak of the war. In that period, the main endeavor of those who were working for international peace was to extend the jurisdiction of the Hague Court, wherever possible, by broadening the definition of justiciable issues; to consolidate international law through agreements among the nations, and to encourage resort to arbitration of non-justiciable issues through provision for the proffer of good offices on the part of disinterested nations. No great progress was made toward the realization of these objects. But why? The greatest menace to the peace, at that time, was recognized to consist in the military ambitions of Germany. The German representatives at the Hague were not there for the purpose of outlawing war, but for the purpose of asserting the right of an unsated nation, like Germany, to extend her boundaries and her power by the sword, whenever it might appear practicable to do so. And such was the prestige of Germany that no peace conference dared to take any action that would not command German assent. In the nature of the case the conferences were bound to be illusory.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Would similar conferences be equally illusory now? From Harding's pronouncements we may infer that whoever is supplying him with ideas does not believe they would. Harding talks about putting teeth in the Hague Tribunal. He talks about a "world court of justice supplemented by a world association for conference." Not "an offensive and defensive alliance of the great powers, like that created at Versailles," but "an association of free nations, or a league of free nations, animated by considerations of right and justice, instead of might and self-interest," is the vision toward which Harding reaches. That, we take it, is essentially the old Hague Conference idea revived. Instead of a permanent machinery of council and assembly, the "supergovernment" of nationalistic imagination, we should have occasional conferences of all nations, called by one great Power or another, after multitudinous diplomatic exchanges, to elaborate international institutions acceptable to all, with perhaps emergency conferences to consult about conditions menacing to the peace. As for the "teeth" in the Hague Tribunal, that apparently implies an international agreement to bring pressure, economic and perhaps military, upon any nation refusing to submit a justiciable question to the arbitrament of the Tribunal, or flouting the Tribunal's decrees.

As compared with the Covenant adopted at Versailles, such a scheme of international organization as we infer Harding to have in mind lacks definiteness. It is not, however, to be discussed as a mere futility. As conditions now stand, the military and naval power of the world is a monopoly of the nations recently associated against the Central Powers. Those were the nations originally most friendly to the idea of a world court and the peaceful settlement of international disputes. If they agreed among themselves, there is no reason why the jurisdiction of the Hague Tribunal should not be greatly extended. Nor is there any reason why its decrees should not be enforced. If America and the Entente stood back of a decree, it would be a desperate nation that repudiated it. Again, the settlement of non-justiciable issues through arbitration might reasonably be expected to become the rule if instead of a single nation, the whole association of nations—in practical analysis—America and the Entente, offered their good offices.

Such a plan might at least reduce the risk of war. But by its emphasis upon law and precedent, by its lack of even a rudimentary legislative power, such as the League of Versailles possesses, it is left without effective means for dealing with conditions that develop toward war. What brought on the late war, more than the dynastic ambitions of any ruler, was the competitive grasping for colonial markets and the excessive growth of armaments, originally conceived as defensive of national independence and territorial integrity, later as instruments of diplomacy in its commercial and economic designs. The Versailles treaty, by its system of mandates, intended to insure equality of economic treatment in non-settlement colonies, did strike, however, inefficaciously, at the taproot of international rivalry. By its provisions for the limitation of armaments it struck at one of the chief accidental causes of war. Its labor clauses represented at least an initial step toward the elimination of the kind of international hostility generated when the sweated industry of one country drives the self-respecting industry of another out of the neutral markets. Nothing of the sort can be had from the international organization that would develop under the guidance of the statesmen supporting Harding. That organization might deal effectively with international disputes, but it could secure no purchase upon the underlying causes of strife of which the disputes are merely symptomatic.

There was vastly more promise in the Covenant. No one sincerely seeking to place the peace of the world on a sound foundation could waver between a League of Nations, capable of dealing with the causes of international strife, and an association of nations at best capable only of holding the ring and insuring a modicum of fair play, according to traditional standards. But the Covenant has been hopelessly compromised by the peace treaty which its signatories are first of all expected to enforce, but can not enforce. All its peace making functions have fallen in abeyance before the action of the Supreme Council of Allied premiers. It is doubtful that the League can recover its lost prestige, even after the process of treaty readjustment has worked itself out.

But in the meantime a new internationalism is rising into the vacuum left by the failure of the League, and that will still remain after Mr. Harding and Mr. Root have launched their substitute. That is the internationalism of labor, which vetoed British intervention in Russia, which forced explanations at least from the Hungarian oligarchy, which is preparing to settle the international coal question along lines not marked out by the professional statesmen. That is not the kind of internationalism Mr. Harding and Mr. Root would substitute for the League. It is none the less the one existing international force that appears to offer any hope that the world will not, after a brief breathing spell, plunge into a universal war of revenge.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Campaign Funds

IT was a Democrat, it was Governor Cox, who began this year's talk about compaign contributions. And the first interesting victim of the resulting publicity happens to be an employee of the Democratic National Committee, the head, in fact, of its Scandinavian Bureau. He was an obscure person, a professor, and the Democrats employed him in good faith, taking him for a man in whom there was no guile. They were quite right. Lack of guile was his undoing, for he had written, the innocent, a letter to a Republican, Senator New. He had spoken from his heart. He said that the Democrats had "offered me $7,500 and my expense account, and they also offered me a good appointment of non-political character" after the campaign. He had been putting off the men who approached him, "as I could not very well go into a campaign for a cause in which I do not believe." Hearing nothing from Senator New, or nothing to the purpose, he took service with the Democrats and naturally lost his job as soon as his letter was published. The incident proves nothing except the existence of poor devils who must live, and proof of this has been superfluous for several hundred years.

Take another sample from the disclosures made thus far. Governor Cox says he has seen a "document from the Republican National Committee," which is called "Campaign Plan, Larger Cities," and which advises the selection in each larger city of a chairman. The chairman is to appoint an executive committee—"it must be handpicked," says this candid document—whose members meet at luncheon and listen to "an inspirational speaker." The document contains a paragraph of caution: "No instructions to team captains or workers should be printed, as care must be exercised that nothing be left on the table at luncheons or dinners that might fall into the hands of anyone that might give publicity to such material." Well, it is rather an amusing paragraph, but it will do the Republicans harm with those voters only who had never suspected that the managers of every party say to one another and to their subordinates things they do not like the public to get hold of. No child of this world blames the Republicans for being so cautious. He blames them for being so careless or so stupid as to let their cautionary utterance fall into the wrong hands.

So far the campaign fund disclosures have not amounted to much. Public interest in them has varied from disappointment to mild cynicism. When Mr. Will Hays says the Republican National Committee does not expect to raise more than $3,000,000, is anybody astounded at his moderation? Not a living soul. We merely wonder, those of us who do not know, how much he really expects to raise. Three million dollars may not be too much for the Republicans to spend legitimately, according to the Democratic treasurer, Mr. Wilbur Marsh, but less than two million will be enough to elect a Democratic president. Nobody understands this as anything but Mr. Marsh's pleasant way of testifying to his belief that it costs more to elect a Republican than a Democrat. It is only his mode of declaring his faith in democracy. The public, or rather the small fraction of it that is paying attention, remains unimpressed by either Mr. Marsh or Mr. Hays. The public believes that if you asked the chairman or the treasurer of any party's National Committee how large a campaign fund he would like, secrecy being guaranteed, and then offered him, secrecy being again guaranteed, twice as much, he would thankfully take the larger sum. Perhaps the public is mistaken. In 1896 the Republican National Committee did not spend the whole of the amount, a little less than $3,500,000, that it received. After the election of 1900 the Republican National Committee astounded officials of the Standard Oil Company by sending in a cheque for $50,000. The Company had contributed $250,000 to the Republican campaign fund, and only $200,000 was used.

Senator Poindexter does not often hit a nail on its head, yet he did so the other day. "So far as national campaigns are concerned," he said, "the vigilance exercised by both parties would make it very likely that defeat would come to any party which attempted corruption." And more than this is true. Victory is hard for any party that is suspected of raising a colossal campaign fund, even though no corruption be attempted. Colossal being a relative term, each party strives to convince the voters that the other party's fund is the bigger. Governor Cox is not a statesman, but as a politician he may know what he is about. Suppose he has reason to think the Republicans plan to wind up their campaign by buying a page of advertising space, every day for a certain number of days, in as many newspapers as possible. By talking campaign funds he is preparing the voters to suspect such displays of expenditure, should they come, and he is also making it harder for his opponents to raise money enough to carry out such a plan. To raise all the money you want is a good thing. To keep your enemy from raising as much as he wants is almost as good. Besides, the more either candidate talks about money, the less time he has for subjects he is not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interested in and does not understand, such as the League of Nations.

Twenty years ago a party could accept such a contribution as that $250,000 from the Standard Oil Company. Today, even if such contributions had not been made illegal, no party could accept them and get away with it. Our modern idea is that a party ought to subsist on small contributions from a great many persons. A President who owes his election to nearly everybody is under no obligation to pay anybody. Of course the idea is not altogether sound. A party, on coming into power, although it owes little or nothing to any individual, may conceive that it owes much to a class, and may try to pay its debt at some other class's expense. Was it Reszczynski or some other Polish thinker who unflatteringly divided the electorate in a two-party democracy into the lean wolves and the fat swine? He thought neither party likely to be comfortable under a government that owed its election exclusively to the other.

Filtering the News

WHAT does a newspaper owe its readers? On occasion the New Republic has taken exception to the news from Russia published in the New York Times. We have asserted that on essential points the net effect of this news has almost always been misleading. It seriously overestimated the willingness of Russia in 1917 to carry on the war. It seriously underestimated the growth of Bolshevik power in the months that followed. It pictured the people of Russia eager for Allied intervention. It developed suddenly the motive of a Red Peril when the end of war with Germany had banished the need for "an Eastern front." It characterized the regimes of Kolchak and Denikin as essentially democratic. It featured the campaigns of these generals when they were progressing; almost ignored them in defeat. It described Russia as the aggressor, in a war against Poland, at a time when Polish troops were deep in Russian soil. It featured, even when it had only the flimsiest of evidence to rely upon, reports of Soviet aggression against the western world.

In reviewing all of this material and coming back to it on subsequent occasions, the New Republic has been animated by no special hostility towards the Times. It is, in fact, because the Times holds a commanding position in American journalism, sets the standard for so many lesser lights, that it has seemed worth while to use that journal for a test of the news in one important issue. It is for the same reason that it now seems worth while to point out one development of the last few weeks. Perhaps that development, in the Times, is typical of papers elsewhere; if not, perhaps it will mark a course that other papers too may follow.

In the last few weeks, so far as Russia is concerned, the Times has begun to use its editorial page for the excellent purpose of assessing its own news.

This is characteristic in a number of different cases. An instance or two will illustrate:

August 16th, on the first page of the Times, there appeared the following headlines: "Soviet Plan for World Rule Told." Lesser headlines followed, unfolding a sensational story: "Reds Seek Germany's Aid—Plan Revolt in Case of Refusal to Fight France—Aim to Invade England —Eventual Conquest of United States to Follow, It Is Asserted—Leaders Reveal Program—Tell American Correspondent All About It When He Visits Captured Town in Poland."

The dispatch introduced by this constellation of large letters was one transmitted by the Associated Press. It came from Kolno, Poland, by courier to Dlottowen, East Prussia. And it started off sensational foot foremost:

> Soviet Russia intends to seek an alliance with Germany to make war on France, and, if this is successful, to undertake a conquest of England and, eventually, America, officials of the Bolshevist regime told The Associated Press here today.
>
> As soon as the Polish war, which is considered a purely Russian business, has been finished, a note will be sent to Berlin, they declared, demanding permission to transport troops across Germany for the French campaign. Upon refusal of this request, which is taken for granted, a revolution will be instituted in Germany, the success of which the Bolsheviki asserted they were prepared to assure by force of arms.
>
> With these ends in view, the Russian soldiers, who have been told that all wars shall cease with ultimate victory over the Poles, are being subjected to a vigorous propaganda, which declares that Frenchmen will be shot on sight, but that the Germans are friends who soon will become comrades of the Bolsheviki.
>
> These admissions have been corroborated by information gathered by the correspondent in conversation with German representatives of East Prussian newspapers, who had interviews with the Bolshevist army chiefs at the front. . . . .

However sophisticated the proprietors of the Times about nonsense of this sort—"the conquest of America," etc.—we believe it is fair to say that there was a time when their editorial would have taken a dispatch of this sort at its face value. The last time we remember Russia wanted to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

invade the United States (in the headlines) was on December 30th of last year. Then headlines over a special cable from Riga declared: "Reds Seek War With America"; and promptly in its editorial the next day the Times asserted: "Mr. Lloyd George has announced that the Allies are going to keep their hands off Russia; but Russia will not keep her hands off us."

What happened upon this, the occasion of a second threatened invasion of America?

"Tall Talk on the Borders" was the title of the Times' editorial; and that editorial went on to say:

> There is trouble enough in Poland and parts adjacent without giving full faith and credence to all the large language used by Bolshevist Commissars and Generals near the East Prussian frontier, as reported mainly by German newspapermen. . . . . Bolshevist officials say that when they have finished their war with Poland they will demand from Germany the right of passage for their troops to attack France. This will be refused; they will then start a revolution in Germany, enthrone Spartacus at Berlin, break down the Rhine barrier, cross the Channel to explain to British labor the metaphysical differentiation between regular Communists and "lackeys of the bourgeoisie," and finally clean up America. This is a dark prospect, and there are doubtless Bolshevist enthusiasts who would like to make it a reality. But there are probably not enough of them to get very far, even in topsy-turvy Russia. . . . .

In other words, don't take our news too seriously.

This is a good sample of that note which it seems to us is now appearing on the editorial page of the Times. Let us take another instance.

On August 26th the Times carried an Associated Press dispatch from Warsaw, under the heading "Defeat Fails to Move Red Envoys." Negotiations at Minsk were being delayed. Whose fault? Clearly Russia's. That was decidedly the tone of the dispatch. "Polish victories over the Soviet armies which invaded Poland apparently have not affected the Bolshevist delegates at the peace conference being held in Minsk. . . . . The Foreign Office announcement said the Soviet delegates are continuing to put difficulties in the way of Polish communication with Moscow. . . ." That the Poles had any share in delaying negotiations, the correspondent did not even remotely suggest. The Poles, it seemed, were altogether ready to go ahead, if only the Russians would let them. But the Times, apparently, was unwilling to leave this impression with its readers. Editorially, the next day, it said (italics ours):

> *Nobody* concerned in the peace negotiations at Minsk seems to be in any great hurry about stopping the war. The Russians, despite the changed military situation, apparently still insist on talking as if they were the conquerors; the Poles, encouraged by brilliant but not necessarily decisive victories, are seemingly inclined to forget that one campaign may not be final. . . . .

In the sort of editorial comment upon news dispatches which these quotations typify perhaps many readers will find nothing unusual. To those, however, who have followed carefully the Times' handling of the news from Russia they mark what may fairly be called a development of recent date. Sporadically in the past the Times has weighed and judged its own news dispatches; the practice, recently, has become almost a habit.

What it indicates, we do not know. Perhaps the Times, reviewing the dispatches it has printed, has itself turned sceptic. Peace with Russia it still opposes. That is not what interests us. We have discussed not the editorial policy of the Times, but the policy of editor towards reporter. And here we note a change. On its editorial page the Times is increasingly wary. It points to the sources of news dispatches; it sometimes brands them as unreliable; it implies that here and there is propaganda—puts a pinch of salt on the most sensational of stories. It is, in other words, using its editorial page to evaluate its news. That is the next best thing to raising the standard if the news itself.

The Shipping Board Welches

SINCE Attorney General Palmer procured an injunction against the striking coal miners, nothing has happened which has as seriously impugned the good faith of the administration in its dealings with organized labor as the recent announcement of Admiral Benson that the Shipping Board would withdraw from the National Adjustment Commission.

During the war the 100,000 dock workers in the ports of the United States were in a vitally important strategic position. They controlled the neck of the bottle through which supplies and munitions must be poured into Europe. A longshoremen's strike of magnitude might well have been fatal to the Allied cause. They were largely casual workers, badly paid, many of them aliens, and it was highly doubtful to what extent either appeals to patriotism or compulsion would be effective.

In this emergency the government took what was then a bold and revolutionary step. It enlisted the aid of the longshoremen's union in maintaining free transport through the Atlantic ports. The National Adjustment Commission was set up, in August, 1917, by agreement between the International Longshoremen's Union and private ship-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

owners, and the government departments interested in shipping. The chairman was appointed by the Shipping Board, the union president was a member; the War Department was represented and the private steamship owners were represented. By the agreement all parties pledged themselves to submit all disputes which might arise to this Commission, to accept its decision as final, and in all events to continue work uninterruptedly pending action by the Commission.

The agreement was a signal success. In a time when labor shortage, rapidly advancing living costs and a general ferment of unrest combined to render the labor situation precarious in all industries and all countries, the docks were all but immune. During the war and armistice period there was only one strike, involving the piers of one steamship company at New York, and lasting only a few days. There were disputes, some of them acute, and oftentimes strikes were barely averted, but the disputes were fought around the Commission table, and when a decision was reached, the union officials became the strongest ally of the government in getting the men to go on with their work.

To persuade the longshoremen's union officials to join in this far-reaching arbitration agreement was not at first easy. The government was asking them to surrender their position of temporary strategic advantage, and forego the immediate gains which a more aggressive policy might have achieved. It had done little to improve their lot in the past, and hence had slight ground to appeal to their sense of gratitude. Those were the days, therefore, of fair promises for the future. Today, the longshoremen were told, you have the whip hand, but you realize that conditions are abnormal. The intense demand for ocean transport is a transitory one. Soon the war will end, peace-time conditions will return, and perhaps prolonged commercial stagnation and unemployment. Then the shipowners will have the whip hand. There will again be a chronic surplus of dock labor, wages will again relapse to the starvation level and you will be helpless. If you now agree that wages and working conditions shall be based upon considerations of justice and fair dealing, rather than upon economic force, you may be temporarily the losers. But later on, when the tables are turned, you will be the gainers, for the employers will not then be able to use their improved economic position to destroy the gains you will have achieved.

Again and again this argument was used by government officials. It was indeed the keynote of the whole campaign among the dock workers. Yet today, when the conditions which were forecast are in process of realization, the government announces that it will scrap the machinery so elaborately set up.

The private steamship owners are willing to keep faith. They have recognized that it is better to deal with a strong, organized group, pledged to observe a treaty of peace, than with a disorganized horde of workers free for guerilla warfare. The employing deepwater steamship owners and stevedores of New York have gone on record as favoring a continuation of the agreement. But Admiral Benson, who has brought with him to the Shipping Board the autocratic traditions of the Navy, cannot brook the idea of submitting a dispute to an impartial tribunal. He has nothing to arbitrate. He has announced that he will henceforth deal by negotiation with the longshoremen, free from any obligation to arbitrate. Such a negotiation rests ultimately on economic force, and no doubt Admiral Benson realizes that today, with ships lying idle in our ports, the balance of economic force is on the side of the employers.

The situation is one in which President Wilson should intervene, if he still has a particle of authority over his administrative subordinates. Admiral Benson was not in office when the pledges to the organized dockmen were made, but President Wilson was. It is his responsibility to see to it that the government departments keep faith in their dealings with organized labor. Promises are promises, and the government cannot escape them by merely changing the personnel of its administrative departments. If the government establishes a reputation for bad faith in industrial matters its authority is at an end, and organized labor will inevitably be driven into rebellion against constitutional and orderly methods.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1920, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER

EDITORS
HERBERT CROLY — CHARLES MERZ
FRANCIS HACKETT — WALTER LIPPMANN
ALVIN JOHNSON — PHILIP LITTELL
SIGNE TOKSVIG, Assistant Editor

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS, CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

California and the Japanese Problem

BECAUSE the question of Japanese immigration has been agitated chiefly by California, there is a tendency to regard it as a local California question, whose importance Californians exaggerate, from a too-near perspective. As to its local aspects, this may be conceded. The Californian who would risk the peace of the world because he is annoyed by too many Japanese neighbors at Florin or San Gabriel must not expect sympathy except from the few others similarly situated. And of course any pretense that Occidental civilization is staggering under the burden of one or two hundred thousand industrious and generally law-abiding Japanese is too absurd to be regarded as anything but hysteria. If this were all, Californians would deserve the serene condescension with which their appeals are too often met.

What thoughtful Californians contend is that this is not all, and that in its larger aspects the Californian, not the provincial eastern view, presents the truer perspective. In this we are joined by all the English-speaking white peoples bordering the Pacific—by Washington, Oregon, British Columbia, Australia and New Zealand. These peoples are only a small part of the white race of the world. But they are its vanguard and its whole representation on the shores of the Pacific. And they are unanimous in demanding the support of the American Union and of the British Empire in excluding Japanese and Chinese immigration.

They all need immigrants, and they all reject those immigrants who are nearest and easiest to get and whose labor, if admitted, would produce immediate and great prosperity in their several commonwealths. Whatever the abstract merits of this race question, at least there is only one concrete opinion on it among the outpost peoples of the white man's world.

In California the situation presents itself under various aspects, some of which are confessedly local and temporary. There are perhaps a hundred thousand Japanese in the state (no one knows the real number) mostly industrious and useful people. Some of them are engaged in business or professions and some in skilled mechanical trades, but most of them are farmers. As farm laborers they scatter everywhere, but as farm owners or renters they tend to concentrate in a few districts, and to Hawaiianize these. As laborers and as renters the larger land owners welcome them. As land owners, nobody wants them, and as land renters nobody wants them for neighbors. The reasons are partly economic. They underlive and overwork their white competitors. But they are mostly racial.

Right or wrong, our people will not live with those of a physically different race except on the basis of that race's inferiority. Since the Japanese are not inferior, and are in some respects superior, there is friction. Seven years ago California passed an alien land law, forbidding land ownership by "aliens ineligible to citizenship" (which means Japanese) and restricting their right to lease land to three years. Ingenious lawyers found ways of getting around these inhibitions by putting title in the name of native-born minor children and naming their parents as guardians. So there is an initiative law now before the people, limiting guardianship over real-estate to persons eligible to own real property, and abolishing the leasing privilege entirely. The initiative will undoubtedly pass, but it will have little effect. Leases will be changed into contracts ostensibly for personal employment, and other forms of guardianship will be devised. Nothing will have happened except the impressive declaration of the people of California that they do not want the Japanese.

So far as the Japanese now here are concerned, this is all; and it is not much. Willingly or unwillingly, we shall have to make a place for them in our industrial structure, and they will fill it well —too well to suit us. If this is all, we can stand it, and it may even be good for us. Certainly it is California's business whether we face the problem wisely and reap the benefits or foolishly and take the consequences. Either way, if the Japanese do not increase we can take care of those who are here. The only great thing is to be sure that there shall be no more of them. And over that not California, but the nation, has jurisdiction. On this our appeal to the nation at large is based.

The possibilities of increased numbers are three —the birth rate; smuggling in violation of the "gentlemen's agreement," and a letting down of the immigration bars, under the plea that whatever laws we pass must not discriminate between races.

Statistically, the birthrate looks startling. Mr. V. S. McClatchy has presented figures to show that in a few generations the Japanese will be most of the population of California. To which Mr. John

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

P. Irish responds with computations showing that by similar geometric progression Mr. McClatchy's grandchildren will then own all the land in California. Of course neither will happen. But the nucleus is here, and it is already certain that for all time to come California will have a considerable population of Oriental race. What has happened to Hawaii has begun to happen to us. Even a slight relaxation of the immigration bars would finish it. The natural increase alone, in spite of Mr. McClatchy's startling figures, will scarcely do so.

Under the "gentlemen's agreement," Japan avoids an exclusion law by undertaking to do the excluding from the Japanese side. Japanese laborers can not enter the United States without passports, and Japan undertakes to refuse these passports. But if a Japanese does smuggle in, over the Mexican border, and can then lose himself among his own people for a few years, there is no way afterwards of excluding him. Chinese exclusion is effective, because if a Chinaman does slip in and is caught afterward without the necessary papers, he can be deported. A Japanese can not. In consequence there is an undetermined but doubtless very considerable amount of organized smuggling over the border. If this continues and grows, either an exclusion act or a tightening of the terms of the gentlemen's agreement will become imperative.

But of course the only overwhelming menace would come from a reversal of the national policy that we shall have one law for immigrants of European race and another for those of Oriental races. To relax or compromise that principle would be to undermine the dyke that keeps out the infinite ocean. For the really serious aspect of this race question is the fact that the races which we are considering are so overwhelmingly numerous. There are nearly as many Japanese as Americans. There are four times as many Chinese. If the racial barrier is to be lowered, sooner or later we shall have to admit the Chinese also. Then there will happen to America—to California immediately and to the whole nation within a generation—what has already happened to Hawaii. Our grandchildren will find out, from the Hawaiian laboratory, whether they dare let that happen.

What their verdict will be is perhaps academically debatable. But until the verdict is rendered, the frontier peoples of the white man's world are unanimous that it is their advance-guard duty to take only one side of it. For this is the only human blunder which once made can never be undone. The world may go Bolshevist or Imperialistic, Buddhist or Atheist; it may abolish property, marriage, government or liberty, and afterward retrace its steps. But it can not mongrelize physically different races and ever after unmix them. Either they will intermarry, and destroy the white race (the yellow race is safe in Asia) or they will be kept from doing so by a caste system which will destroy democracy. Either there must be a geographic racial frontier at the Golden Gate, or else we shall have a social frontier, right down the middle of our institutions. It is not a question entirely of economics or of civilizations. Economic inequalities are temporary and we have already assimilated civilizations quite as alien as the Japanese. It is a question of physical race, and race is hereditary. It lasts forever.

Also it is a question of world peace. If the scattered embers of the European war are successfully extinguished, a world-polity is theoretically and probably practically possible which will guard against the repetition of that calamity. Nothing can guard the peace between the Occident and the Orient except the development of friendly cooperation across the Pacific. It will take all the nations to establish that peace, but any two of them could break it. We must make sure that these two are not America and Japan. And to this end we must avoid causes of friction. With the two races physically on different sides of the ocean, we can develop our common national and international interests. But with any considerable immigration to this side, causes of friction would inevitably develop.

They might be our fault, but we could not prevent them. Our people have learned their racial lessons in a dangerous school. We have dealt with two inferior darker races, but never with an equal one, and we have dealt always unjustly. We have dealt unjustly with the Negro and he submits. We have dealt unjustly with the Indian and he is dead. If we have many Japanese, we shall not know how to deal otherwise than unjustly with them, and very properly they will not submit. The only real safety is in separation. Nature erected a barrier which man will overpass only at his peril.

So the message of California to the nation is this: On our local problems, have patience with us. Admonish us if we need it, but do it understandingly. But on the great problem let this nation resolve as firmly as California is resolved that one side of the Pacific shall be the white man's and the other side the brown man's frontier. Only so is our race, our civilization, or the peace of the world secure.

CHESTER H. ROWELL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Governor Cox's Secretary

What Presidential candidates talk most about is not always what progressive voters would most like to listen to. But though that is true of Presidential candidates, it is not always true of secretaries of Presidential candidates. We have asked Mr. Charles E. Morris certain frank questions about Attorney-General Palmer, about Mexico, about espionage bills, and about Russia. This is his reply.—THE EDITORS.

I HAVE been associated with Governor Cox six years. For nearly four years I have been his private secretary. I hold that post today. Of course I am biased. But I think that I know the Governor. I think, too, that I can detach myself far enough to discuss him without frills. Let me add simply that I now write on my own responsibility. Governor Cox has not seen this article. It is written without his advice or consent.

As a youthfully cynical outsider in 1912 I voted for him with some misgivings. I watched him make good as a progressive executive, winning to his support those extremely partisan Democrats who accepted him rather than chose him as their chief. I saw him champion the new state constitution and put it over despite the reactionary forces—forces led, through a strange coincidence, by that same man who is his opponent for the Presidency today. I saw him, by sheer personality and individual force, drive through fifty-six laws in fifty-six days in the Ohio legislature, vitalizing this new constitution and keeping to the letter the pledges he has made as candidate. In the way he met problems of war; in his masterful handling of a coal strike in the stress of winter; and in his settlement of strikes without disorder and with infringement upon the rights of neither party, I have been given evidence of his peculiar ability to take vexatious situations in his hands and get results. I am convinced there will be no disappointment in his record for those who think liberally on public questions.

The following paragraphs I write upon my own responsibility. They deal with issues not featured in the press, but issues all-important to the progressive voter. One of them—the first—is concerned simply with a rumor. But it is a rumor that has had wide circulation. The three other paragraphs require no explaining. They deal with matters every liberal believes are vital at this moment.

(1) I have heard stories to the effect that Governor Cox is under obligation to reappoint Attorney-General Palmer, because of Mr. Palmer's withdrawal from the race at San Francisco. Governor Cox was not at San Francisco. I was. I know that no personal obligations exist. I know, moreover, that Governor Cox will exercise independent judgment to secure the best possible results, free from any bias of obligation, fancied or real. From what I know of Governor Cox and his opinions, and from my knowledge of the integrity and independence of Attorney-General Palmer, I should be amazed should the one tender, or in case of tender, the other accept appointment.

(2) Governor Cox as President will not be stampeded into war with Mexico by any propaganda, no matter how strong or from what source. In his handling of serious industrial difficulties in Ohio he has shown his ability to resist pressure of great power, and even when his advisers have ruled otherwise he has resisted every appeal to send soldiers into a strike territory. Though he is no man to trifle in emergencies, during his six years as Governor not a shot has been fired in the settlement of a strike.

(3) When Cox is President there will be no re-enactment of the Espionage bill with his consent. Recognizing the inevitability of unusual tactics in time of war, he finds no excuse for keeping clamp upon a free people in time of peace. He looks askance at federal encroachment upon a liberty-loving people. As President, he will not attempt to beat socialism and its kindred philosophies by making physical war upon them. He does not believe the present upheaval in European countries is justified by anything else than the absence of good faith which the European peoples have had in the treatment accorded them since the armistice. Concerning unrest in our own country, Governor Cox has little confidence in the efficacy of political imprisonment and political persecution. He believes there are better ways of meeting that unrest.

(4) As Cox hews his own way in domestic administration, so as President he will have a foreign policy characteristically American. He has the ability to force through a cause he believes to be right, nor would he tag along after any other leaders of any other nations. He is day after day stressing the fact that Congress, and Congress alone, has the right to declare war, and he would certainly never consent to the use of United States soldiers in any undeclared war.

These are tenets in the faith of the Governor Cox, I know, and they mark him as a man in whom progressives can put faith. I use the term "progressive" to define that vast number of thinking men and women who believe the world can be made a better place in which to live. I know you people in the New Republic office have declared: "Being able to rattle back and forth between two parties does not seem to produce much independence." Some of my liberal friends, too, have tried me not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a little by their rebellious desire to leave one or the other of the so-called old parties and form a new organization. Although I probably have not been able to convince them, I have thoroughly convinced myself that the better way to influence an organization is from within rather than from without. The Progressive Republicans, to be sure, do not seem to have made much of a dent in the side of the G. O. P. Against this I should point out that but for the instillation of progressive thought into the Democratic party, Governor Cox would not be the candidate of that party today. For a record of progressive measures was the chief asset he commanded. As I see it, those progressives who vote in 1920 for one of the minor political parties will misunderstand the opportunities and the duties before them. They will be missing a chance to help put a progressive executive at the head of the country during the four next important years.

CHARLES E. MORRIS.

Bolshevik Theory

I. The Materialistic Conception of History*

THE materialistic conception of history, as it is called, is due to Marx, and underlies the whole communist philosophy. I do not mean, of course, that a man could not be a communist without accepting it, but that in fact it is accepted by the Communist party and that it profoundly influences their views as to politics and tactics. The name does not convey at all accurately what is meant by the theory. It means that all the mass phenomena of history are determined by economic motives. This view has no essential connection with materialism in the philosophic sense. Materialism in the philosophic sense may be defined as the theory that all apparently mental occurrences either are really physical, or at any rate have purely physical causes. Materialism in this sense also was preached by Marx and is accepted by all orthodox Marxians. The arguments for and against it are long and complicated, and need not concern us, since, in fact, its truth or falsehood has little or no bearing on politics.

In particular, philosophic materialism does not prove that economic causes are fundamental in politics. The view of Buckle, for example, according to which climate is one of the decisive factors, is equally compatible with materialism. So is the Freudian view, which traces everything to sex. There are innumerable ways of viewing history which are materialistic in the philosophic sense without being economic or falling within the Marxian formula. Thus the "materialistic conception of history" may be false, even if materialism in the philosophic sense should be true.

On the other hand, economic causes might be at the bottom of all political events, even if philosophic materialism were false. Economic causes operate through men's desire for possessions, and would be supreme if this desire were supreme, even if desire could not, from a philosophic point of view, be explained in materialistic terms.

There is, therefore, no logical connection either way between philosophic materialism and what is called the "materialistic conception of history."

It is of some moment to realize such facts as this, because otherwise political theories are both supported and opposed for quite irrelevant reasons, and arguments of theoretical philosophy are employed to determine questions which depend upon concrete facts of human nature. This mixture damages both philosophy and politics, and is therefore important to avoid.

For another reason, also, the attempt to base a political theory upon a philosophical doctrine is undesirable. The philosophical doctrine of materialism, if true at all, is true everywhere and always; we cannot expect exceptions to it, say in Buddhism or in the Hussite movement. And so it comes about that people whose politics are supposed to be a consequence of their metaphysics grow absolute and sweeping, unable to admit that a general theory of history is likely, at best, to be only true on the whole and in the main. The dogmatic character of Marxian communism finds support in the supposed philosophic basis of the doctrine; it has the fixed certainty of catholic theology, not the changing fluidity and sceptical practicality of modern science.

Treated as a practical approximation, not as an exact metaphysical law, the materialistic conception of history has a very large measure of truth. Take, as an instance of its truth, the influence of industrialism upon ideas. It is industrialism rather than the arguments of Darwinians and Biblical critics, that has led to the decay of religious belief in the urban working class. At the same time, industrialism has revived religious belief

*The first of a series of three articles.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among the rich. In the eighteenth century French aristocrats mostly became free thinkers; now, their descendants are mostly Catholics, because it has become necessary for all the forces of reaction to unite against the revolutionary proletariat. Take, again, the emancipation of women. Plato, Mary Wolstonecraft and John Stuart Mill produced admirable arguments but influenced only a few impotent idealists.

The war came, leading to the employment of women in industry on a large scale, and instantly the arguments in favor of votes for women were seen to be irresistible. More than that, traditional sexual morality collapsed, because its whole basis was the economic dependence of women upon their fathers and husbands. Changes in such a matter as sexual morality bring with them profound alterations in the thoughts and feelings of ordinary men and women; they modify law, literature, art and all kinds of institutions that seem remote from economics.

Such facts as these justify Marxians in speaking, as they do, of "bourgeois ideology," meaning that kind of morality which has been imposed upon the world by the possessors of capital. Contentment with one's lot may be taken as typical of the virtues preached by the rich to the poor. They honestly believe it is a virtue—at any rate they did formerly. The more religious among the poor also believed it, partly from the influence of authority, partly from an impulse to submission, which is commoner than some people think. Similarly men preached the virtue of female chastity, and women usually accepted their teaching; both really believed the doctrine, but its persistence was only possible through the economic power of men. This led erring women to punishment here on earth, which made further punishment hereafter seem probable. When the economic penalty ceased, the conviction of sinfulness gradually decayed. In such changes we see the collapse of "bourgeois ideology."

But in spite of the fundamental importance of economic facts in determining the politics and beliefs of an age or nation, I do not think that non-economic factors can be neglected without risk of errors which may be fatal in practice.

The most obvious non-economic factor, and the one the neglect of which has led socialists most astray, is nationalism. Of course a nation, once formed, has economic interests which largely determine its politics, but it is not, as a rule, economic motives that decide what group of human beings shall form a nation. Trieste, before the war, considered itself Italian, although its whole prosperity as a port depended upon its belonging to Austria. No economic motive can account for the opposition between Ulster and the rest of Ireland. In Eastern Europe, the Balkanization produced by self-determination has been obviously disastrous from an economic point of view, and was demanded for reasons which were in essence sentimental. Throughout the war, wage-earners, with only a few exceptions, allowed themselves to be governed by nationalist feeling, and ignored the traditional communist exhortation: "Workers of the world, unite." According to Marxian orthodoxy they were misled by cunning capitalists, who made their profit out of the slaughter. But to anyone capable of observing psychological facts, it is obvious that this is largely a myth. Immense numbers of capitalists were ruined by the war; those who were young were just as liable to be killed as the proletarians were. No doubt commercial rivalry between England and Germany had a great deal to do with causing the war, but rivalry is a different thing from profit-seeking. Probably by combination, English and German capitalists could have made more than they did out of rivalry, but the rivalry was instinctive, and its economic form was accidental. The capitalists were in the grip of nationalist instinct as much as their proletarian "dupes." In both classes some have gained by the war, but the universal will to war was not produced by the hope of gain. It was produced by a different set of instincts, one which Marxian psychology fails to recognize adequately.

The Marxian assumes that a man's "herd," from the point of view of herd-instinct, is his class, and that he will combine with those whose economic class-interest is the same as his. This is only very partially true in fact. Religion has been the most decisive factor in determining a man's herd throughout long periods of the world's history. Even now, a Catholic workingman will vote for a Catholic capitalist rather than for an unbelieving Socialist. In America, the divisions in local elections are mainly on religious lines. This is no doubt convenient for the capitalists, and tends to make them religious men, but the capitalists alone could not produce the result. The result is produced by the fact that many workingmen prefer the advancement of their creed to the improvement of their livelihood. However deplorable such a state of mind may be, it is not necessarily due to capitalist lies.

All politics are governed by human desires. The materialist theory of history, in the last analysis, requires the assumption that every politically conscious person is governed by one single desire, the desire to increase his own share of commodities; and, further, that his method of achieving this de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sire will usually be to seek to increase the share of his class, not only his own individual share. But this assumption is very far from the truth. Men desire power, they desire satisfactions for their pride and their self-respect. They desire victory over their rivals so profoundly that they will invent a rivalry for the unconscious purpose of making a victory possible. All these motives cut across the pure economic motive in ways that are practically important.

There is need of a treatment of political motives by the methods of psycho-analysis. In politics, as in private life, men invent myths to rationalize their conduct. If a man thinks that the only reasonable motive in politics is economic self-advancement, he will persuade himself that the things he wishes to do will make him rich. When he wants to fight the Germans, he tells himself that their competition is ruining his trade. If, on the other hand, he is an "idealist," who holds that his politics should aim at the advancement of the human race, he will tell himself that the crimes of the Germans demand their humiliation. The Marxian sees through this latter camouflage, but not through the former. To desire one's own economic advancement is comparatively reasonable; to Marx, who inherited 18th century rationalist psychology from the British orthodox economists, self-enrichment seemed the natural aim of a man's political actions. But modern psychology has dived much deeper into the ocean of insanity upon which the little barque of human reason insecurely floats. The intellectual optimism of a bygone age is no longer possible to the modern student of human nature. Yet it lingers in Marxism, making Marxians rigid and Procrustean in their treatment of the life of instinct. Of this rigidity, the materialistic conception of history is a prominent instance.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

Et Dona Ferentes

MY friend, Mrs. W., is a little woman of nearly sixty. She is the daughter and the sister of American generals, and her forty years' of European living and her life-long cultivation rest on a game foundation. The second year of the war she was suddenly cut off, through conditions in Italy and litigations at home, from her income. She applied to the Red Cross for a position. They sent her to Volterra.

Volterra is a hill town, southwest of Florence, near the sea. It is one of the oldest places in Italy, and belonged for centuries to the Etruscans; that mysterious race that defied so long the power of Rome. The country there is Etruscan still. Peasants on the neighboring farms still turn up the pots of these people. To all appearance their souls lived among those dark stern pots of theirs, they were born in pots, lived in pots, died in pots and were buried with pots around them. Diggers in the earth often stumble on graves and stone tombs where there are ladies with fierce iron ornaments, and lying amid spearheads and swords are gentlemen seven feet high. On the tops of their sarcophagi are statues of them, stern gentry without blandishment save for the archaic smile which the sculptors did not know how to avoid. By the side of them Rome itself seems soft.

The region around Volterra is entirely volcanic. There are violent rocks thrown out on the mountain sides, and sudden cliffs and declivities everywhere. The grim gray roads wind in and out among lava formations and grave pasture lands. And here and there at times the earth cracks and makes chasms that swallow up whatever is near.

As you ride, first of all you see the prison castle of the town like a huge ship on the side of the hill. And afterward you enter the gray, fierce, narrow old streets, with arms of podestas and iron-studded doors and sudden downward slopes to where the streets end in a cliff, and the far-off tragic country of mountains and deep valleys appears. And just below one side of the town there is a place—how shall I say it? there is a church, there was a church, there will be a church—for penitent souls. At any rate there was a church there; there is another now, and there will still be another, for the ground has swallowed up one church and now the other nears the caving rifts.

Sea air and mountain air with their heroic tang blow over Volterra. The inhabitants carry their heads high and walk with a kind of fierce freedom. Their chief occupation is, as it should be, stone working. Most of the men who do not farm the land outside the walls are employed in the alabaster shops.

My friend arrived in Volterra in the late autumn with the country grimmer than ever and the people beginning to go about with their heads covered from the sharp mountain wind. She took rooms in a villa outside the gates, not very far from the church that is to vanish in the next chasm. The padrona, who owned the villa and lived in two rooms of it, belonged to one of the half dozen oldest families in Italy. She was kind but superstitious, so that Mrs. W. in addition to having to go around the villa to enter by the one lucky door, had, among other charms and omens, to take great care not to develop the evil eye. However, she settled herself there and rented rooms in an old

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

palace of the town as Red Cross Headquarters.

But she was not long in finding out that the Red Cross had a bad name in Volterra. The committee at Florence had meant well enough, perhaps, but someone had cheated the givers in America. It was a fact, at least, that the first box, already distributed, had been filled up with worthless goods. The goods had been worse than worthless, they had been dangerous. Mrs. W. began to hear details.

For example, there were shoes with paper soles, and the tacks had gone through. And shoes had been one of the things most needed. There were skirts made of a soft cottony stuff like velvet, of dreadful colors and dyes; the shirts for the men were too small, unless people were to be strangled. Some of the clothes had printing on them, big letters in black paint, which was certain to mean ill luck. Such an offering was vile and insulting. Most of this Mrs. W. got from the good priest.

"But," she said to the good father, "they are looking a gift horse in the mouth."

"I know, Signora," he said simply, "the things are indeed given to them by the rich Americani. My people are a little hasty, perhaps, but they are good people."

More exact details began to come in. The Canton flannel skirts had all run and faded in the first wash and had dyed all the sheets and underclothes purple and green, and no one could bear the sight of them. The shoes had come through on the stone roads, even after the cobbler had hammered down the tacks. That is why people limped as they did. Four X's written on a chemise had caused the death of an old woman's pig. And why did the Americani send six pairs of trousers in which the measures of the waistbands were so much greater than the length, unless this mistake had been made on purpose and sent there to torture poor people? Ma che! In short, Volterra had been insulted. They were only waiting for the next box to show what they were going to do.

Mrs. W. had no intention of turning back. She asked the priest again for advice. He said he would speak to the people, but it would be better for the Signora to ask the council for some gendarmes.

A big box arrived in due time and was delivered at the office. The council sent gendarmes to stand on each side of the entrance. Another gendarme escorted Mrs. W. from the villa to the palace. They opened the box and saw with dismay that the assortment of things was the same as the first box. What could Florence mean? But the distribution had to go forward. The distribution by the Red Cross of the supplies to the needy citizens of Volterra had been announced in little bills pasted up in the town. People would be coming in from miles around. The palace where the office was, was set back from the street ten feet or more. There was a wall with a gate ornamented with ancient Etruscan urns. The gendarmes left the gate free for the beneficiaries.

After awhile Mrs. W. heard them coming. There was a long file of people singing and shouting. They piled into the courtyard, the gendarmes keeping them out of the house, and the distribution began.

Volterra had a sense of justice. They waited to see what the new goods were to be like. When they saw the shoes and recognized the skirts and gowns, the riot began. They threw the clothing and shoes and skirts into the air and stamped on them with curses and shouts. They smashed the urns on the wall. An old woman was trampled. They broke down the gate. Some people threw shoes into the fountain. They would have sacked the house but for the guards.

Finally, singing and cursing, they went away. And for days all along the road that led down the hill by the castle road, there were hats on the lamp-posts and shoes stuck in the hedges. The bushes were dressed up in skirts, purple canton flannel many of them. The young trees here and there had nightgowns on them.

Mrs. W. kept to the villa for a while. She sent off an account of the sack to Florence and begged them to look carefully at the next box, there had been a terrible mistake. And Volterra was a wild place, not like Tuscany.

Then she went to the priest and guaranteed better goods next time. On this assurance he went about pacifying the people and telling them they had been very wrong to act as they had, it was a great sin. Finally a box of excellent things arrived.

But for three or four weeks Mrs. W. went about Volterra with much uneasiness. She took the main streets and kept as much as possible to the middle of the street. As a soldier's daughter reared in barracks she meant to see the thing through. And it was not that she was afraid of being killed.

"What I was afraid of all the time," she said, "was that alabaster."

This form of attack, she explained, derives from the chief industry of the town. It is the favorite method of revenge in Volterra, apart from stabbing matters. If you wish to avenge a wrong or to punish an enemy, you take a pail of alabaster dust, fine as the wind almost, into an upper window or a balcony, and wait for him to pass, and throw it down on his head. The alabaster not only ruins the clothing but gets into the eyes, the hair, the nose and throat and lungs, with terrible effects.

STARK YOUNG.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

News from the Near East

IT is difficult enough to interpret rapidly changing events in the Near East, with the fullest information available. When censorship intervenes, the task is almost hopeless.

On June 14th the Near East Relief, the American organization which has had charge for the past year of all the relief work in Russian and Turkish Armenia, received a cablegram from Major Nicol, its director in Beyrouth, Syria:

> Personnel from Marash report Armenians in a precarious situation, threatened by Turks, preventing opening of shops and work in fields. Periodic disappearances of individuals terrorize population. Near East Relief still feeding five thousand while business and farming neglected. Near East Relief can continue palliative measures indefinitely but reconstruction and rehabilitation impossible under present conditions.

There was nothing in the message to indicate that it was not the full text of the cablegram which Major Nicol sent. The soundness of his conclusion seemed to require no emphasis. There was no mark to indicate that the text had been censored. But on July 20th, the Near East Relief office in New York received a confirmation copy of the message. As it had been sent, it continued:

> Armenians are being made plaything of secret diplomacy. Only cure popular demand all Allied peoples that criminally irresponsible manipulation cease and security be reestablished. Whole Alexandretta-Aintab-Marash section at standstill, industrially. Brigands and Turkish Nationalists terrorize roads and villages. Let people know that diplomacy alone is ruining a prosperous land and destroying the Armenian race.

Since the armistice, the Americans have contributed fifty million dollars to the relief of the Armenians. Some five hundred American men and women volunteers are now in the Near East engaged in this philanthropy, which, according to General Harbord, "has kept alive a large portion of the Armenians, Syrians and Greeks and other destitute peoples of the Near East who certainly would have died of starvation and disease but for contributions from America." It hardly seems unreasonable to assume that those who have contributed these funds, and the families of those who are risking their lives to carry on this work, are entitled to a frank, uncensored report of the conditions under which the work is being carried on, made by the responsible man in charge of the work. If censorship have any excuse, it is in war time, and concerns solely such purely military information as troop movements and strategic dispositions. Both in France and England today a great show is made of a return to an unmuzzled press. Just what military advantage is gained by keeping from the American public an unvarnished statement of facts, not only known but officially discussed in London and Paris, is not clear.

This is not all. On July 23rd, the Near East Relief office in New York sent a telegram to Secretary of State Colby repeating a message which had been received from Dr. Edward Mills Dodd, its representative in Adana, Cilicia, which Dr. Dodd had flown in an aeroplane to bring out of the besieged Armenian city and then sent from Cyprus. The cablegram was dated July 17th and read:

> Adana on the verge of famine. Four days' public supply of flour left in city besides private supplies. Ten thousand dependent on daily purchasing. There are relief supplies for refugees for ten days. Raids by French troops have brought in only 36 tons of grain in seven days. Estimated population now 70,000 Christians, 10,000 Moslems. Railway cut since July 19th [evidently an error in transmission for June 19th]. City besieged; people cannot stir outside; aeroplane communication only. French have been promising opening of railway every few days; now acknowledge requires a month; have not begun repairs. Yenidje station and section of railway in hands of Turks and Tarsus closely besieged. Turks said to be shipping grain to Konia region. French government not meeting situation; allowing starvation to come on. We see no hope except by Allied military expedition to reach Adana immediately. Am telegraphing Constantinople to send flour to Mersina. This will be largely sold. Nearly all Armenian Cilicia poured into Adana and our relief work concentrated here. Feeding 5,000 from soup kitchen.

To this message, the Near East Relief in New York added this plea to the Secretary of State:

> We sincerely trust strong representations can be made direct to the French government for the protection and relief of our American workers, at Adana, and many thousand Armenians under their care.

Both messages were given to all the press associations in New York on July 23rd, and to all the New York morning newspapers on July 24th. Not a line of any of this authentic, first hand news appeared in any of the Sunday morning papers (or Monday's or Tuesday's either), but the Times readily found space for a Paris cable quoting from a Batoum dispatch to Le Temps:

> The situation of the Mussulmans in Armenia has become critical. Persecutions en masse which the government and the Drivan and Dashnak party are carrying on against the Mussulmans, massacres and violence which have been renewed recently, are driving the remaining Mussulman population in flight into Persia, abandoning their goods and chattels. . . . . In the district

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Zanguibar toward the end of June, 20 Mussulman villages were destroyed with shell fire and the inhabitants massacred.

There is no "Drivan" party in Armenia. There is no such district as "Zanguibar." Even the correspondent of the Times felt impelled to state in his dispatch that the fact that the "cable" he quoted was dated the date of publication "gives rise to the suspicion it is a French Foreign Office dispatch inasmuch as news telegrams cannot get through in one day from Batoum." He might have added what every American correspondent abroad knows, but what few American newspaper readers can find out unless they are told, namely that Le Temps is a semi-official French government newspaper and that most of its dispatches are inspired for political purposes. The type of journalism which publishes a canard of this character, suspicious on its face, and does not publish the news contained in Dr. Dodd's cablegram about Adana is evidently based on the old journalistic adage: "If a dog bite a man, it is not news; but if a man bite a dog, that is news." No reflection is intended on the Times in saying this. It is the journalistic concept that is at fault, if anything.

The story is not ended, however. So important was the news about Adana considered when it reached London that the government was interpellated on the subject, Mr. Bonar Law replying, presumably to the complete satisfaction of Parliament, that Adana was in the French zone and that while "the British were very sympathetic to the Armenians, there was a limit to the possibility of British intervention." He did not mention the League of Nations under whose aegis France holds her illusory "mandate" over Syria. Then and only then part of the text of Dr. Dodd's message from Adana was cabled from London to New York and published in the Times and the Morning World of July 29th. But the part attesting to the failure of the French in Cilicia was not published, though the full text of Dr. Dodd's message had been on the desk of every night city editor in New York for four days.

The trouble with censorship is its futility. Despite the immense inconvenience to which the whole American people were put during the war, and the armies of men and women engaged in steaming open their private letters, reading them and resealing them to leave no trace of official examination, the Germans were fully informed in advance of the departure of every American unit for overseas service and, indeed, of the arrival of each unit in line, as it appeared. Censorship does not conceal the truth; it merely serves to reduce to a minimum dependable testimony as to what is taking place, thus leaving the propagandists free to overlay the truth by columns of inspired matter. In the average lay mind, censorship, coupled with its twin sister propaganda, causes a confusion in which the impression produced by sheer bulk swamps the accurate information frequently conveyed in only a few garbled lines of cable, uninterpreted. Recently the Paris Humanité has cited the official records of the French government to prove that 2,500,000 francs were distributed to Paris newspapers, including the semi-official Temps, Le Figaro, Le Matin, Le Petit Parisien, Foreign Minister Pichon's Petit Journal and virtually every other newspaper in Paris, to pay for articles supporting the purchase of warships and artillery by the Turks, just before the war. Immense sums were spent by the Greek Prime Minister, Mr. Venizelos, during the Balkan wars and during the present war for similar propaganda, largely by virtue of which he has achieved the reputation of being one of the cleverest statesmen alive. These facts rarely reach even the New York press, and certainly the readers of thousands of newspapers throughout the United States are totally unaware that information about Greece or Armenia or Syria, which may have been taken from Le Temps, for example, in perfectly good faith by an American correspondent in Paris and cabled to the United States, may have been paid for by some sinister commercial or political influences, or have been simply inspired by the French government to support its policy of imperialism in the Near East.

For no American newspaper is rich enough to maintain special correspondents who are Americans in Athens, Beyrouth, Constantinople and Tiflis, and few, indeed, maintain correspondents even in Constantinople. The American press is dependent on the great news-gathering agencies, British, French and American, whose activities in the Near East are generally centered in Constantinople. But in Constantinople there is a strict censorship, and the British officer of the intelligence corps who is at the head of it told me quite frankly, and told the correspondent of the Associated Press in my presence, that "we censor everything which we think might have a tendency to stir up unfavorable comment on what we are trying to do out here." In precisely a like way a British diplomatist had said to me in Greece, in 1916: "You can make up your mind to one thing; we do not propose to let anything go out of Greece that does not suit our book." But in 1916 the war was at its height; now the world is supposed —God knows by whom!—to be at peace. The important thing for the reader of American news-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

papers to know is that war-time censorship still exists on all news from the Near East. As an Associated Press cable from Constantinople of June 30th put it:

> The Turkish papers are not permitted by the Allied control of Constantinople to print news unfavorable to the Greeks. . . . . The Sultan has communicated with the Heir Apparent, who, in turn, has conferred with the Sublime Porte, asking that protest be lodged with the Entente against suppression of news favorable to Turkey.

There is no record that the protest accomplished any result. Indeed, on the contrary, on July 22nd, the Near East, an English weekly, complains that "an important thing to note regarding the situation in Mesopotamia is the way in which news is held up when it is regarded as unsatisfactory."

But why this continuance of war-time aversion to frankness in respect of the Near East? What end is served by repeating the costly errors of the Dardanelles, and following once more the blundering policy of combined censorship and propaganda which proved so disastrous?

PAXTON HIBBEN.

The Place of Art in Art Criticism

THE knowing ones, those, I mean, who are always invited to music after tea, and often to supper after the ballet, seem now to agree that in art significant form is the thing. You are not to suppose that, in saying this, I am trying to make out that all these distinguished, or soon to be distinguished, people have been reading my book. On the contrary, I have the solidest grounds for believing that very few of them have done that: and those that have treat me no better than they treated Hegel. For, just as an Hegelian is not so much a follower of that philosopher as an expounder, one who has an interpretation of his own, and can tell you what Hegel would have said if Hegel had been endowed by The Absolute with the power of saying anything, so of those admirable people who agree, for the moment, that significant form is what matters, no two are quite agreed as to what significant form is.

Only as to what it is not is there an absolute consensus of opinion; though there is a tendency to come together on one or two positive points. It is years since I met anyone at a dinner party so bold as to deny that the literary and anecdotic content of a work of visual art, however charming and lively it might be, was mere surplusage. The significance of a picture, according to the cognoscenti, must be implicit in its forms: its essential quality is something which appeals directly to the sensibility of any sensitive person, and any reference to life to be of consequence must be a reference to that fundamental experience which is the common heritage of mankind. Thus, those who cannot bring themselves to accept the more austere definition of the term are willing to recognize as significant certain qualities which are not purely formal. They will recognize, for instance, the tragedy of Michael Angelo, the gaiety of Fra Angelico, the lyricism of Correggio, the gravity of Poussin and the romance of Giorgione. They recognize them as pertaining, not to the subjects chosen, but to the mind and character of the artist. Such manifestations in line and color of personality they admit as relevant, but they are quite clear that the gossip of Frith and the touching prattle of Sir Luke Fildes are nothing to the purpose.

And so we get a school of lenient criticism which takes account of an appeal to life, provided that appeal be to universal experience and be made by purely æsthetic means. According to this theory we may be moved æsthetically by references to universal experience implicit in certain arrangements of line and color, always provided that such references are expressions of the artist's peculiar emotion and not mere comments on life and history or statements of fact or opinion. These by everyone are deemed unessential. No one seriously pretends that in a picture by a primitive of some obscure incident in the life of a minor saint there is anything of true æsthetic import which, escaping the subtlest and most sensitive artist, is revealed to the expert hagiographer. Nor does anyone still believe that to appreciate Sung painting one must make oneself familiar with the later developments of Buddhist metaphysics as modified by Taoist mysticism.

Such is the prevailing critical theory. What of critical practice? It seems to me that even our best comes something short of their professions; and when I confess that I am going to pick a quarrel with such fine exponents of their craft as the critics of the Times and the Nation, readers will guess that for once I mean to take my confrères seriously. Lately we have seen a hot dispute, in which, unless I mistake, both these gentlemen took a hand, raging round a figure of Christ by Mr. Epstein. For me the only interesting fact that emerged from this controversy was that, apparently, most of the disputants had not so much as heard of the greatest living sculptor—I mean Maillol of course. Certainly, with the art of Maillol clearly in his mind, it is inconceivable that one so discriminating as the critic of the Nation should have said, as I think he did say, that Mr. Epstein now stands for European sculpture as Rodin stood before him. Not only is Maillol quite obviously

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

superior to Mr. Epstein, in the opinion of many he is a better artist than Rodin.

But it was not around such questions as these, vexatious, no doubt, but pertinent, that controversy raged. The questions that eminent critics, writers and dignitaries of divers churches discussed in public, while colonels, socialists and cultivated theosophical ladies wrangled over them at home, were, "Has Mr. Epstein done justice to the character of Christ?" and, "What was his character?" Was Christ intelligent or was he something nobler, and what has Mr. Epstein to say about it? Was he disdainful or was he sympathetic? Was he like Mr. Bertrand Russell or more like Mr. Gladstone? And did Mr. Epstein see him with the eyes of one who knew what for ages Christ has meant to Europe, or with those of a Jew of the first century? Questions such as these—I will not swear to any particular one of them—were what the critics threw into the arena, and no one much blames the parsons and publicists for playing football with them. But the critics must have known that such questions are utterly irrelevant; that it matters not a straw whether this statue, considered as a work of art, represents Jesus Christ or John Smith.

This the critics knew; they knew that the appeal of a work of art is essentially permanent and universal, and they knew that hardly one word in their controversy could have meant anything to the most sensitive Chinaman alive, unless he happened to be familiar with the Christian tradition and Christian ethics. If there be no more in Mr. Epstein's figure than what the critics talked about, then, should the Christian religion ever become obsolete and half-forgotten, Mr. Epstein's figure will cease to exist. Most of us know next to nothing about Buddhism and Totemism, and only a little about Greek myths and Byzantine theology, yet works of art historically associated with these remain, by reason of their permanent and universal, that is to say their purely æsthetic qualities, as moving and intelligible as on the day they left their maker's hands. About Mr. Epstein's sculpture the important thing to discover is whether, and in what degree, it possesses these permanent and universal qualities. But on that subject the critics are dumb.

An instructive parallel in literary journalism occurs to me. I have noticed lately a tendency in the intellectual underworld—for here I take leave of first-class criticism—to belittle Ibsen with the object, apparently, of magnifying Chekhov, and always it is in the name of art that Ibsen is decried. Now if our literary ragamuffins cared twopence about art they would all be on their knees before Ibsen who is, I suppose, the finest dramatic artist since Racine. Few things are more perfect as form, more admirably consistent and self-supporting, than his later plays. It was he who invented the modern dramatic method of grasping a situation at the last point at which it can be grasped, and from there pushing it forward with imperturbable logic and not one divagation. As an artist Ibsen is to a considerable extent the master of Chekhov, but as art is the last thing to which an English intellectual pays attention, this fact has been overlooked. What our latter-day intellectuals take an interest in is what interested their grandmothers —morals. They prefer Chekhov's point of view to that of Ibsen, and so do I. They are vexed by the teaching implicit in Ibsen's tendencious plays; so am I. Yet when I ask myself: "Is Ibsen's moralizing worse than anyone else's?" I am forced to admit that it is not. The fact is all moralizing is tedious, and is recognized as such by everyone the moment it becomes a little stale. Another generation with other ideals will be as much irritated by Chekhov's ill-concealed propaganda as our generation is by Ibsen's, and as Ibsen's was by Tennyson's. Make no mistake, by those young people in the next generation but one who talk loudest, wear the worst clothes, are most earnest about life and least sensitive to art Chekhov will be voted a bore. What is more, it will be in the name of art that they will cry him down.

Every now and then we hear eloquent appeals to the appropriate authorities, praying them to add to their school of journalism a department of art criticism. I hope and believe the appropriate authorities will do no such thing. Should, however, their sense of economy be insufficient to restrain them from paying this last insult to art, they will still find me waiting for them with a practical suggestion. Any student proposing to educate himself as a critic should be compelled to devote the first years of his course to the criticism of non-representative art. Set down to criticize buildings, furniture, textiles and ceramics, he will find himself obliged to explore the depths of his own æsthetic experience. To explain honestly and precisely why he prefers this chair to that requires, he will find, a far more intense effort of the intellect and imagination than any amount of fine writing about portraits and landscape. It will force him to take account of his purely æsthetic emotions and to discover what exactly provokes them. He will be driven into that world of minute differences and subtle reactions which is the world of art. And until he knows his way about that world he would do well to express no opinion on the merits of pictures and statues.

CLIVE BELL.

LICENSED TO MZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Andrew Kalpaschnikoff

A Prisoner of Trotsky's, by Andrew Kalpashnikoff. With a Foreword by David R. Francis, American Ambassador to Russia. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

COLONEL KALPASCHNIKOFF, you charge my friend Raymond Robins with being peculiarly responsible for your getting thrown into jail in Petrograd under the Bolsheviks.

You also interest me by your ingratitude to the Allies, to say nothing of your ingratitude to the Bolsheviks. The Bolsheviks—in 1918—let you out of jail. Then you went to Siberia and joined Kolchak against them. Their mistake apparently was in letting you out. And in Siberia under Kolchak the Allies were your comrades-in-arms. Yet look! At the end of your book you seem to hate the Allies almost worse than you hate the Bolsheviks.

I can say truly, my dear Colonel, that I commend your book heartily to all Allied and Associated rulers. They can learn a lot from you about the Russians that our diplomats in Russia got their policies from—and their stories. You are of those Russians—distinctly.

Your family—Mr. Francis tells us in his foreword—is "old." Your great-uncle, General Slepzov, was "the conqueror of the Caucasus." You yourself, from the age of twenty-three forward, were a member of your Zemstvo. For nine successive years you were "Honorary Judge." During the Great War you rose to the command of a Siberian "flying column." Before the Great War you were an attaché in the Russian Embassy at Washington and at one time Secretary in Petrograd of the Tsar's Cabinet of Ministers.

Naturally Mr. Francis had great confidence in you.

In his foreword you tell him the story—and he reports it—which is the proof of your contention—and his—against Robins. So you will not mind if I examine it with the care due to a direct open specimen of the sort of proof perhaps lying behind a lot of the other stories which our diplomats have asked us to believe out of Russia.

It springs—this story of yours—out of a certain extremely famous telegram which you received at Petrograd. It may have been a perfectly innocent telegram. But you will surely admit, Colonel, that it was a very strange one.

It came from the American Red Cross Mission in Rumania—a philanthropic foreign neutral mission. Yet it asked you—a well-known anti-Bolshevik—to send certain motor-cars (quite useful in military operations) to Rostov-on-the-Don, the headquarters of General Kaledine, leader of an anti-Bolshevik army. And it was wired to you through Mr. Francis—a foreign neutral diplomat living in Bolshevik territory and claiming diplomatic immunity and protection from the Bolshevik Government.

But Mr. Francis seemed to think it all quite normal. He received the telegram. It was in code. He had it de-coded. And then he sent a paraphrase to Raymond Robins, as head of the American Red Cross in Petrograd, and another paraphrase to you.

Soon then the Bolsheviks noted that you—a well-known and well-watched anti-Bolshevik—were going about getting a permit for the transportation of motor-cars. The destination of the cars was changed—by another telegram. It was changed to Jassy in Rumania. But you and your interest in sending those cars to some place outside of Bolshevik territory on a Bolshevik permit over a Bolshevik railroad were certainly easy to note; and on the night of December 20, 1917, your flat in Kirochnaia Street was raided.

In that flat at that time—as you yourself tell Mr. Francis in his foreword—you had your paraphrase of that telegram about Rostov.

You went to jail. I would not overlook your experiences there.

You were taken to Peter and Paul Fortress and put into Cell 51. Cell 51 had been the home of the revolutionist Morozov for twenty years. It was your home for five months and seventeen days. At the end of that time you were released and—on page 245 of your book—sent home in a cab.

It was sporting of you, Colonel, to mention the cab.

But the Bolsheviks during your imprisonment were very murderous. They were always threatening to murder you and all the other numerous distinguished political prisoners then in Peter and Paul. And on page 208 of your book they do indeed "every night" shoot "several" prisoners—of a certain sort. But what sort? "Burglars."

It is extremely sporting of you, Colonel, to show us the Bolsheviks exterminating burglars while you and your distinguished political fellow-prisoners so numerously keep on simply getting threatened—and getting spared—and then even getting released.

On page 131 of your book the great anti-Bolshevik Bourtzeff gets released "on account of his ill-health." On page 221 the great anti-Bolshevik Purishkevitch gets released "because his son became ill with typhoid fever." And on page 224 you feel very injured—or very flattered—because you are still in jail "when even the man who had tried to kill Lenin had been released."

"Even the man who had tried to kill Lenin." "Released." Colonel! Can it be that you are trying to give support to the theory that the real Red Terror did not start in Russia till the Allied and Associated Governments forced it by filling Russia with foreign invasion and domestic treason?

But I exonerate you. When you strike your regular anti-Bolshevik stride, you have one of the easiest gaits I ever saw. On page 123 you say that "Bolshevism only produced murderers in Russia." And you tell two anti-Bolshevik stories which I commend especially to Mr. Francis as tests of your gifts.

On page 75 you quote from the Bolshevik Government's official newspaper Izvestia. You quote a speech by Trotsky. In it you make him say that he will "wipe out all Americans and foreigners who dare to plot," etc.

Now I am always careful to know where there is an available file of Izvestia in America. In that file—at the date of your quotation—Trotsky does indeed say that the "heavy hand of the Revolution" will "fall" on foreign diplomats who abandon their diplomatic characters and become private counter-revolutionary participants in the Russian Civil War. But "fall" is mild. It might mean mere dismissal from Russia. "Wipe-out" means the firing-squad—blood—death—Bolshevism. And what Bolshevik so weak as only to slaughter diplomats? Let it be "all foreigners." So you just naturally make it read that way; and we see Trotsky not "falling" on Mr. Francis but "wiping out" Mr. Francis and also all the rest of our beloved fellow-countrymen in Petrograd.

Now I dare say that your publishers, Colonel, have somebody who translates Russian for them. I should be glad to have him try to find Trotsky in Izvestia saying what you make him say.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then on page 224 you quote from Derzhinsky. It is April 18, 1918. You are in your cell. The door opens. There stands Derzhinsky before you. His face has a harsh expression. His eyes move restlessly. He wears two revolvers. He wears a dark green velvet suit. He is "the Robespierre of the Russian Revolution." He angers you. And you report:

"In an indignant tone I began the following dialogue, no word of which I shall ever forget."

Then follows the dialogue. It shows that Derzhinsky is a Pole. You object to Poles in Russian quarrels. You object to them almost anywhere, I guess. And Derzhinsky helps you out. He helps you to show that the Poles are dangerous people. He says to you that "Poles are the best workmen for Bolshevism." And then he tremendously remarks:

"When the Allies have been stupid enough to supply Poland with money and everything it needs, we [the Bolsheviks] can swallow the country in a week."

O Andrew Ivanovitch Kalpaschnikoff! The date—I remind you—was April 18, 1918. On that date the Germans were in full and absolute possession of Poland. On that date the Allies were staggering under the task of defending France on the Western front. On that date the Allies were thinking of supplying Poland about as much as they were thinking of supplying Germany itself. But on that date the Robespierre—and Ezekiel—of the Russian Revolution pierced the future with his restless resistless eyes and saw the Allied Governments pouring munitions into Poland for the Polish War against Russia in 1920—when you wrote your book!

The trouble is, Andrew Ivanovitch, that diplomats do not seem to catch the spirit of your stories. Somebody says to you "Andrew Son-of-Ivan, now spin us a yarn." And you say: "Well! Let's see! Oh yes! Once there was a great fierce giant called Derzhinsky, and there was an honest Russian who was walking in the woods, and there was a pool of blood," and on you go. And Mr. Francis says: "Just wait a minute till I take down the dimensions of that pool of blood."

But in the next chapter after the Russian Robespierre has looked at you harshly and has got rebuked by you in your "indignant tone," you are released; and you drive home in that cab—which Uritsky, the prince of the devils of the Extraordinary Commission for Supressing you and other Counter-Revolutionaries, tells Comrade Petrov to call for you—and you are restored to your flat, and to your faithful servant Daria, and to the "beautiful white Spitz," which we see Daria washing for you so faithfully during your absence; and you go to see Mr. Francis; and he reproaches you.

He reproaches you for not destroying that paraphrase —about Rostov-on-the-Don. He tells you that after your flat was raided a word-for-word copy of that paraphrase was read off by Trotsky in a public speech, thus causing the Ambassador "a great deal of trouble."

You thereupon politely tell the Ambassador—in his foreword to your book—the following story:

In your flat, in a desk, there was a "secret compartment." The paraphrase was in the "secret compartment." And when you got back to your flat from Cell 51, why, there that paraphrase still was—still in that same "secret compartment"—*perfectly safe—in spite of the raid.*

The Ambassador, listening, is "astounded." I agree with him. And he draws a conclusion. If you are right, and if Trotsky did not get your paraphrase, then he must have got Robins's. "Then Robins or one of his attachés must have given Trotsky the verbatim copy which he read in his speech."

The Ambassador is scandalized. So he verifies the story. He makes you repeat it. He is a careful man. He says: "I had him repeat it." And then he begins his next sentence with the words: "I conclude therefore."

So we see an Ambassador reaching a conclusion in Russia. But then we see you—his only witness—going off and writing a book and remembering what happened in that raid on your flat and putting it down in detail—in chapter three—as follows:

"Sailors and workmen broke open all the drawers. . . . . When they had stolen everything that was valuable, they began to take boots, motor-gloves, knick-knacks. . . . . They examined everything very carefully. This task lasted from two in the morning until six o'clock in the next afternoon. Not only was everything taken out, but the faithful servants of the Bolshevist regime unsewed every curtain, cover, and lining, stripped the chairs, opened the frames of looking-glasses and photographs, and lifted every plank in the floor that looked to them suspicious."

That is the way the Bolsheviks went through your belongings—in your book. And in your book there is nothing about their not finding the paraphrase—nothing. In your book the raid is a complete raid.

But in the foreword the Ambassador does not seem to have read your book. In the foreword—back in Petrograd—you tell the Ambassador that after that raid you still have the paraphrase. And does he ask you to produce it? Does he ask you to let him see it, touch it? Certainly not. He is a diplomat. You are Colonel Kalpaschnikoff, a Russian of the old regime, a "patriotic" Russian, a "real" Russian. He simply asks you to tell him your wonderful story twice. And then he spreads it broadcast through America, no matter how scandalous and injurious he may think it to be to one of his own countrymen.

Honestly, Colonel, these western diplomats will never understand you. They take you literally when you are going through the conventional forms of daily political narrative about giants and fairies; and then when you are serious, when your heart is touched; they are as likely as not to think that you are being romantic.

They thought that you were oh so romantic about ikons and "Orthodoxy" and Russia the Holy. Now just let them read the last few pages of your book and see what happens to you in the core of you when the Poles—the resolute refusers of your sort of "Orthodoxy"—are sent to do battle for the Allies against the Bolsheviks.

You have already expressed your feelings toward the Allies in certain other matters. The Allies—you at last see and say—have been thinking less of saving Russia for the Russians than of saving her for themselves!

You say that they have tried "to cut her forests," "to pump out her oil," "to control her wealth." You say that they have "used" "a national sickness" to promote their own "personal and financial interests." You say that they have tried "to suppress both Russia and Bolshevism." And then you say what they have really succeeded in doing.

"They have thrown the Bolsheviki and 'Great Russia' into each other's arms." "They have lighted the torch of patriotism throughout Russia." You hail that patriotism. You begin to talk about the army of "Russia."

It will be "a very large army." It will march. And

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where will it stop? You speculate. Will it stop before Warsaw? Before Berlin? Before Constantinople? You cannot quite tell. But you easily see it at the gates of any of those places. Only first—first—it will certainly march toward Warsaw.

The Poles have asked for it. "They have burned and destroyed several Russian Orthodox churches." Enough. You proceed. The All-Russian Patriarch has been released by the Bolsheviks—not murdered—released; and to all the Russian faithful he has issued a "Poslanie." It seems to settle it—this "Poslanie." It says that the Bolsheviks have been wicked but that the anti-Bolsheviks have been equally wicked and that now the Poles have burned those churches, and that now all Russians—all—with the blessing of the Patriarch upon them—must go out and fight the Poles.

Whereupon the Russian Revolution—you say—"is coming to a successful conclusion." Russia—you say—is "already saved." How? By revived "patriotism" and by revived "religion" hurling themselves in "a very large army" in a "Holy War" against Poland!

Andrew Ivanovitch, I will say one thing for you. You are really your sort of "real" Russian. You make good on it. You are genuine. You blow soap-bubbles, but you live up to the soap.

You lost a landed estate in Russia under the Bolsheviks. But when the Allies tell you that their price for downing the Bolsheviks for you will be just a few fragments off the edges of Holy Russia, and when the Allied and Associated Governments send anti-Bolshevik supplies to Poles, why, you lift your head and hear a "Poslanie" and start with all Russia for Warsaw, Berlin, Constantinople, Russian destiny, Bolshevik, non-Bolshevik, half-Bolshevik, Holy anyhow, Russian.

I commend your book, Colonel, to all Allied and Associated rulers both for its instructive romanticism about Bolsheviks and for its still more instructive realism about "real" Russians.

WILLIAM HARD.

Georgians and Post-Georgians

Wheels 1919, *Fourth Cycle, edited by Edith Sitwell. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.*

WHEELS is a poetical house party; it consists of the conversation of the Sitwells and their more intimate friends. At the same time it represents one of the two or three important developments in English poetry during the last decade—a strange commentary on the literary importance of one family. The note of this new anthology is honest, youthful sophistication. The simplicity of the Georgians had begun some years ago to develop into a fixed and imitable mannerism; from that time on the reaction was inevitable. Its form, its content, and the exact date of its occurrence was determined by the irruption of the Sitwell family into the circle of the poets.

In some respects Wheels marks only a return to the harlequinades and harlotry of the nineties. The technical experiments of the last few years interjected new features, however, and even in respect to sophistication a certain advance has been made; these younger poets are intelligent enough to laugh at their own antics. Again where the cenacle of the Yellow Book was youthful, the Sitwells and their associates are nakedly adolescent. The malady of the nineties has attacked them in a much less malignant form; it is even so modified that scientists might call it a new disease.

Nine poets contributed to Wheels; three of these may easily be disregarded. Alvaro Guevara is represented only by two translations of uncertain quality. Arnold James is Beardsley in verse, only not half so good, and Iris Tree unveils her soul shamelessly, leaving one with the impression that it is composed of wind and words. Osbert and Edith and Sacheverell, three of the remaining poets, are Sitwells. A strangely unanimous family.

Out of their number Osbert Sitwell shows to the least advantage in this volume. In his other published work he has sometimes achieved surprising power, but the three poems he includes here make the mistake of revealing their sources too clearly. It was an error into which his brother did not follow him. He plays the Pantaloon of this comedy, clowning pleasantly in half a dozen languages besides his own very individual idiom. "Sprechen sie Deutsch? Parlez vous Francais? Parlate Italiano? Dearest Child!" says the Lady from Babel in one of his poems. Her remark might be taken as a motto for all his work.

If Sacheverell is the Pantaloon of the volume, Edith Sitwell is the ringmaster. It was she who took charge of the editorial work; she also who collected the uproarious press clippings in the appendix. As sage counsel for young poets one of these deserves to be recorded along with a certain remark of Sir Philip Sydney's. She has just quoted the critic of the Cambridge Review who had asked her conception of the true function of Poetry. She replies:

"The editor of Wheels is always pleased to answer any questions as courteously put as the above. Miss Sitwell's conception of the True Function of Poetry is the same as her conception of the True Function of Space, Eternity, the Will to Be, the London Daily Mail, or any other eternal verity."

Her method is pointillism—she jumbles her impressions as acrobatically as a moving picture camera—and her medium is the couplet. Into this she packs her queer kaleidoscopic meanings, like Webster into his unrhymed pentameters. Her Pastor takes a restaurant car for Heaven, making the following comment on the journey:

> Hot glassy light fills up the gloom
> As water an aquarium,
>
> All mirror bright; beneath this seen
> Our faces colored by its sheen
>
> Seem objects under water, bent
> By each bright-hued advertisement.

She finds an imitator in Sherard Vines, who is a young poet, deviously romantic, and an admirer of the Communists. One finds it difficult to make further statements about him; he is more a promise than a fulfillment. This judgment applies also to Wilfred Owen, and it has remained his final destiny. He was killed in action during the last year of the war, leaving behind him a few poems of ghastly intensity. Evidently it was a sort of patriotic snobbishness that caused his inclusion here, for except his age and a tendency to experiment with new rhymes and metres, he has little in common with these poets.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He can be compared more easily to Sassoon; if his work lacks the saturnine humor of Counter Attack, it has the feeling of stark tragedy to even a greater degree. This remains even when his vision is subject to a cartoon-like distortion:

> And He, picking up a manner of worm, which half had hid
> Its bruises in the earth, but crawled no further,
> Showed me its feet, the feet of many men,
> And the fresh-severed head of it, my head.

Aldous Huxley is a better representative of the group. He is very swank like his associates, and one divines that he has shared his life equally between the London night clubs and the shelves of his library. At any rate he has so woven together the strands of literature and worldliness that he has voyaged out of his adolescence clothed in the impregnable chain mail of cleverness. His thoughts rise rarely above the cosmic dirge of youth; he will confide to the world:

> Yes, failing to see the point of it at all, I sometimes wish
> That I were a fabulous thing in a fool's mind,
> Or, at the ocean bottom, in a world that is deaf and blind,
> Very remote and happy, a great goggling fish.

The sentiment is immature, but the expression of it is metrically and stylistically faultless. It is easy to reject him utterly, or to accept him, but there is no weak point by which one can arrive at him in order to criticize.

He is in the vanguard of the revolution; the Georgians are being overthrown. By this I do not mean that the verities they discovered are any less appreciated this year than they were a year ago; I mean simply that their halo of novelty is becoming slightly shopworn, and that innocence as a mode is passing out with frock coats and long skirts. King George is still firmly seated on his throne; the anthology that bears his name still appears with the regularity of the changing seasons, and yet the rule of the Post-Georgians has begun.

M. C.

The Index for Volume XXIII, which was completed with our issue No. 299, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who will send his name and address on a post card directed to the New Republic, 421 West 21st Street, New York City.

Contributors

CHESTER H. ROWELL is the editor of the Fresno Republican.

BERTRAND RUSSELL is the author of Mysticism and Logic, An Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy and Proposed Roads to Freedom. He has recently written a series of articles on Soviet Russia for the London Nation.

STARK YOUNG is professor of English at Amherst College and the author of Addio Madretta. He has just returned from Italy.

PAXTON HIBBEN writes from personal experience, having spent several months in Armenia as a member of the Haskell Mission.

CLIVE BELL is the English author and art critic.

Now, we all know (if we own anything that looks like a house) that it is the measly repair bills that eat the holes in our bank accounts. Of course, the reason is that we didn't learn about CYPRESS, "The Wood Eternal," in time. But we CAN do the next best thing and make all replacements of CYPRESS lumber. That's one comfort

Write the "All-round Helps" Department for Vol. 1 of the famous Cypress Pocket Library before you buy a foot of lumber.

Southern Cypress Mfrs.' Assn.

1255 Hibernia Bank Building, New Orleans, La.
1255 Heard Nat'l Bank Building, Jacksonville, Fla.

Whatever book you want

Wanamaker's

has it, or will get it.

We buy old, rare books, and sets of books

NEW YORK and PHILADELPHIA

Brentano's
NEW YORK
5th Ave at 27th St
Booksellers to the World
Mail-Telephone Cable-Telegraph
ALL BOOKS
ALL LANGUAGES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED